The ETCHINGS of JAMES McBEY

MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

victor qui
se vincit
amore mortis
ore, re
Cornelius
Verheyden de Lancey
MIDDLE TEMPLE
GRAY'S INN

1300

21884

Dm 160.-

H21

Coll. 268 SC

fl. 185.-

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
Getty Research Institute

https://archive.org/details/etchingsofjamesm02sala

THE ETCHINGS OF JAMES McBEY

John McBey

BARCAROLLE

THE ETCHINGS OF JAMES McBEY

BY

MALCOLM C. SALAMAN

Hon. Fellow, Royal Society of Painter-Etchers & Engravers

1929

LONDON: HALTON & TRUSCOTT SMITH, Ltd.

NEW YORK: MINTON, BALCH & COMPANY

(Printed in Great Britain)

Printed in Great Britain by
The Whitefriars Press, Ltd.,
Tonbridge, Kent. . . .

CONTENTS

Page

Introduction 1

Chronological List of McBey's Etchings based on Mr. Martin Hardie's Catalogue 24

LIST OF REPRODUCTIONS

(With the exception of four drawings (Plates 45, 79, 95 and 96) all the originals of these reproductions are etchings or dry-points. The numbers given in parentheses with the letters M.H. refer to Mr. Martin Hardie's Catalogue.)

Barcarolle . . . . . Frontispiece

Plate

Boys Fishing (M.H. 2) 1
Herring Boats in Aberdeen Bay (M.H. 7) 2
Portsoy Harbour (M.H. 8) 3
The Dean Bridge, Edinburgh (M.H. 20)
The Cowgate, Edinburgh (M.H. 33) 4
Albert Basin, Aberdeen (M.H. 50)
Old Torry (M.H. 51) 5
Morning, Catterline (M.H. 56) 6
Zaandijk (M.H. 73) 7
Amsterdam from Ransdorp (M.H. 74) 8
Ransdorp (M.H. 75) 9
Omval (M.H. 78) 10
Early Morning, Fintray (M.H. 89) 11
Benachie (M.H. 90) 12
Old Castile (M.H. 92) 13
Bridge of San Martin, Toledo (M.H. 99) 14
Sunrise at Tarragona (M.H. 103) 15
The Picador Incites the Bull (M.H. 104) 16
The Picador Unhorsed (M.H. 106) 17
The Ovation to the Matador (M.H. 110) 18
A View in Wales (M.H. 113) 19
April in Kent (M.H. 114) 20
The Skylark (M.H. 117) 21
"1588" (M.H. 123) Second State 22
The Foveran Burn (M.H. 124) 23
The Jewish Quarter, Tetuan (M.H. 129) 24

Plate

The Story-Teller (M.H. 130) 25
El Soko (M.H. 135) 26
Grimnessesluis (M.H. 143) 27
Penzance (M.H. 144) 28
A Fishing Harbour (M.H. 145) 29
A Studio (M.H. 147) 30
The Lion Brewery (M.H. 149) 31
The Pool (M.H. 150) 32
Gamrie (M.H. 151) 33
The Moray Firth (M.H. 152) 34
Sea and Rain (M.H. 153) 35
Disquietude (Portrait of Mrs. Martin Hardie) (M.H. 156) . 36
A Norfolk Village (M.H. 158) 37
Night in Ely Cathedral (M.H. 161) 38
A Norman Port (M.H. 169) 39
The Quai Gambetta, Boulogne (M.H. 170) 40
The Sussex (M.H. 171). 41
Rouen (M.H. 172) 42
France at Her Furnaces (M.H. 175) 43
Spring, 1917 (M.H. 177) 44
Dawn. The Camel Patrol Setting Out. *Study for Etching* M.H. 181 45
Dawn. The Camel Patrol Setting Out (M.H. 181) 46
The Mid-day Halt (M.H. 182) 47
The Desert of Sinai (No. 2) (M.H. 184) 48
Strange Signals (M.H. 186) 49
Margot as Lopokova (M.H. 189) 50
The Pianist (M.H. 190) 51
The First Sight of Jerusalem, Nebi Samwil (No. 1) (M.H. 196) . 52
The Surrender of Jerusalem (M.H. 199) 53
Zero. A Sixty-pounder Opening Fire (M.H. 201) 54
Jerusalem from Olivet (M.H. 205) 55
Hermon: Cavalry Moving on Damascus (M.H. 207) . . 56
A Flood in the Fens (M.H. 209) 57
Macduff (M.H. 210) 58
Brightlingsea (No. 2) (M.H. 212) 59
Gerona (M.H. 213) 60
Antwerp (M.H. 214) 61
Gale at Port Erroll (M.H. 215) 62

	Plate
The Ebb Tide (M.H. 216)	63
Veere (M.H. 218)	64
The Squall, Kampen (M.H. 219)	65
The Zuider Zee (M.H. 220)	66
Zaanstreek (M.H. 221)	67
Mersea : Sunset (M.H. 222)	68
Artist and Model (M.H. 223)	69
The Critic	70
Bosham	71
Hastings	72
Laguna Veneta	73
La Giudecca	74
The Passing Gondola	75
Rio dei Greci	76
Palazzo dei Camerlenghi	77
Santa Maria della Fava	78
The Bridge by Night. *Pen and Ink and Wash Drawing*	79
The Bridge by Night	80
Sotto Portico	81
The Deserted Palace	82
The Gondolier	83
Molo	84
Mirage	85
A Tartane Leaving Venice	86
September Sunset	87
Glassblowers, Murano	88
The Doorway	89
Shipping on the Giudecca Canal	90
The White Palace	91
A Regatta on the Grand Canal	92
Distant Salute	93
The Riva at Dusk	94
A Venetian Night. *Study for an Unpublished Etching*	95
Farewell to Venice. *Study for an Unpublished Etching*	96

THE great wizards of the bitten line will always be few, for the secret of graphic magic is rarer than that of artistic rhythm, but James McBey, having the gift of both secrets, occupies an indisputable place among the few, and though Mr. Martin Hardie, in his sympathetic and intimate introduction to his authoritative catalogue of McBey's etched work, opines that "only through the perspective of generations can his place be finally settled in the limited hierarchy of the grand etchers of the world," I propose to forestall such sanctions of finality and approach my subject simply as one of the greater masters of etching. For one has only to contemplate the versatile adventures of his genius, with their magic of pictorial vitality and the authenticity of their artistic utterances, to realise what a goodly proportion of masterpieces distinguishes his achievement. From the days of his earliest efforts, when he had seen practically no etchings, there has always been an authentic eloquence of the bitten line, with inherent atmospheric suggestions peculiar to himself, which stamps the youthful vitality of *Boys Fishing* of 1902, as surely as it does the masterly maturity of the *Mirage* of 1928, a signature of personal expression that distinguishes him from other great etchers, and marks him as definitely among them as Rembrandt or Whistler, through whose inspiration he discovered himself.

James McBey just misses being an Aberdonian, for Newburgh, his birthplace, stands exactly twelve and a half miles outside the Granite City. It is a little fishing village, lying where the River Ythan runs down to the bleak sea-coast, and, born on December 23, 1883, the boy lived there till he was fifteen, imbibing during that time his native love for the sea and boats which was to be such a distinguishing feature throughout his career. His schooling he got at the village school, and Mr. Williams, the master, being something of a personality, with a sympathetic attraction for "characters," and McBey, being a boy with odd, ingratiating ways, learnt quickly, and master and pupil began a queer kind of friendship, which, notwithstanding McBey's successful activities, has never been broken. But when he was fifteen he left the Newburgh school and began a career in an Aberdeen branch of the North of Scotland Bank. He was assiduous in his work for the bank, but very soon he began to look upon it merely as the stepping-stone to the realisation of his ambition. In the Aberdeen Art Gallery he had seen pictures, and they were a revelation to him after being brought up on coloured Christmas Numbers. At the Public Library he had borrowed and read book after

book about painting and drawing, and furtively he had bought materials as he could afford them out of his meagre salary, and put his reading to the test of practice. His soul was possessed by art and he, a natural, instinctive draughtsman, yet all untaught save by the experience of his struggles with difficulties, was determined to be an artist. He went to no art-school, for every spare moment he had from the bank he devoted to the experimental practice that was teaching him more surely than the precepts of any art-master. Early and late the youthful bank-clerk laboured secretly at his painting and drawing, and then, one day in the Public Library, he chanced upon Koehler's translation of Maxime Lalanne's *Gravure à l'Eau Forte*. The boy was fascinated, the technique of etching, so clearly explained, opened up a new world to him, a world of enchantment and mystery, that could seem to yield to the explorer any graphic messages of pictorial beauty which he might have the wit to seek on the copper. So, in an attitude of wonder and expectation, at seventeen McBey began etching, and from the first his suggestive manner of draughtsmanship adapted itself to his bitten line. Lalanne's book was his etching Bible, as it were, he borrowed it again and again for intensive study, and so much did he reckon it an essential factor in his career that, the last time he was in Aberdeen, some three years ago, he visited the Library and persuaded the Librarian to exchange the treasured well-worn volume for a brand new one, bringing the old book back to London, with its original lending records, to preserve, in a new covering over the worn library binding, as one of his most valued possessions.

The first etching of which we have any knowledge was done in 1902. It was *Point Law, Aberdeen*, representing a cluster of fishing-boats moored off a timber wharf, with an indefinite suggestion of air and space. McBey had only a rough piece of copper obtained from the local plumber, but he polished it as best he could, and when he had achieved his etching, he made shift to pull his proofs on the household mangle, which served him for a press in those early days when ingenuity had to supply the deficiencies of an etcher's outfit. Soon after his first attempt came *Boys Fishing*, which would have been remarkable for a mature artist, but as the second etching by a self-taught boy, it was wonderful. Three small boys, beside a bollard, are leaning over the edge of a quay in their excitement of fishing, one of them is down on his knees, while you can feel the gentle plash and surge of a fishing smack moored against the quay. The pictorial

design is indeed spontaneous, the silhouette of the darkly bitten group in the foreground happening naturally against the white of the water with the reflections of boats and buildings, lightly bitten, across the harbour. Here was actually the born etcher revealing himself, for in this his first attempt at drawing human figures, we see nervous, vivid draughtsmanship responding to immediate vision, and a true etcher's conception of the scene in its atmospheric circumstance, expressed with a rare craftsmanship only, I imagine, possible to one who has been self-taught from the beginning. Twenty-seven proofs of this plate in all were called for at odd times, chiefly by London collectors, but the earliest impressions were taken with the hazards of the mangle, as were the first proofs of several subsequent etchings, until he was ready with a press of his own construction. This was based on the propeller shaft he had purchased out of an old trawler, and he worked on this press in a local blacksmith's shop all through the winter nights. Of course he made an etching of the smithy and the smiths, but experience had not yet taught him how to make the furnace seem to glow, as, fifteen years later, we had all the suggestion of glowing heat in *France at her Furnaces*, and, ten years still later, in *Glass Blowers, Murano*, but in these early tentative efforts we find often definite germs of later mature plates. For instance, in *Herring Boats in Aberdeen Bay*, McBey's only essay on a zinc plate, which exists in a unique proof, we see the youthful etcher aiming for the effect of a hazy morning at sea with a few suggestive lines in the right places, and making use of accidental foul biting, striving for, yet not knowing quite how to accomplish, the impression that his great simple art was to achieve with just radiation of line in *The Ebb Tide*, twenty years later. Then the same distance of time, with all its intervening experience, divided *Portsoy Harbour*, and its well-planned basin with the shipping, and an admirable effect of rain and storm, from the masterly *Gale at Port Erroll*, with the same motive and a vivid etcher's impression in half the number of lines. When McBey began to sell his etchings, not in Aberdeen, but in London, *Portsoy Harbour* attained a maximum of twenty-one proofs, but, though during 1903-4 McBey spent all his spare time in drawing and etching various subjects in and around Aberdeen, such as *Shipbuilding Yards*, with its Whistlerian suggestion, and trying atmospheric effects that appealed to him, there was no etching of importance until, being sent by the bank to Edinburgh to assist a local branch for a time, he wrought with very sensitive vision *The Dean Bridge, Edinburgh*. This was the

first of many etchings in Edinburgh, done mainly after dusk, and it was one of the marking points of his progress, the high arches of the bridge, with the people above and in the road far below, looking over at something we cannot see, creating a dramatic impression. His etching adventures in Edinburgh were gallant "feelers," essaying effects for which his technical powers were often not ripe enough, yet occasionally the results were worthy of more than the two or three proofs they vouchsafed, for instance, *Bakehouse Close*, *Moray House*, *Warristone Close*, *The Iron Kirk*, *The Grassmarket*, *Moonlight in the Wood*, a study of trees with a suggestion of Haden, and a nocturne of *The New Town, Edinburgh*. The most impressive of these Edinburgh plates, however, was *The Cowgate*, with the evening sky glowing between the shadowed houses and with incidental people loitering in the roadway, a plate that commanded the attention of London collectors.

Back in Aberdeen in 1905, McBey found new subjects and new motives, there was *Aberdeen Harbour, Logie Buchan Ferry, Albert Basin, Aberdeen*, a well conceived plate, not without a certain reminiscence of Whistler's *Billingsgate*, yet with a character of its own, the evening light from a fading sky glowing on the water, while the boats are in shadow ; and *Old Torry*, a number of well-drawn fishing smacks lying close together in the harbour, while the open sea stretches out beyond. With these two plates McBey reached the high-water mark of his first period, and with a regular printing press which he had bought from an old trade-engraver whose business was being sold up, he printed an occasional proof, though he hardly yet dreamed of future editions of forty proofs. In the next two years he did no etching at all, devoting himself to drawing and painting, and between 1908 and 1910 he etched nine plates, of which one, *Morning, Catterline*, a scene along the coast some twenty miles south of Aberdeen, gave further promise of his maturity, in its atmospheric suggestion and its spaciousness achieved by economic balance of line.

Now, having attained to a standard of work on the copper, which encouraged confidence and self-reliance, he resolved that it was time to embark on the precarious adventure of an artist's career, and at twenty-six years of age, he bade farewell to the bank, which he had served for eleven years, and faced the world with his etching needle and his printing press. Like Charles Lamb's "Superannuated Man," McBey left his "works" behind him in ledgers and day-books, and, like him, he might have said, "I have worked task work, and have the rest of the day to myself." What was he to do with it?

He didn't hesitate, for his plans were well thought out. He had never seen an actual etching of Rembrandt, but he had studied the master as best he could in reproductions, and now that he was a free agent, and could wander away from Aberdeen as far as his purse would carry him, nothing should keep him from Rembrandt's homeland. So, in July, 1910, he found his way to Holland, and there, between July and September, he etched twenty-one plates, finding sympathetic subjects, with novelty and picturesqueness of outlook. It was an ideal country for him, being, with its many waters, absolutely flat, and McBey has confided to me that, Scotsman though he be, he is always oppressed by hills and mountains. He came with freshness of vision, and he made his first Dutch etching at *Haarlem,* where he saw across the water, and behind the church, the windmill and the barges, the heavens radiant with a glorious sunset. *Edam*, which always attracts etchers with its boat-building yard and its church, and *Enkhuisen,* the more compactly conceived of two plates of the harbour, with the picturesque features of the surrounding houses searchingly delineated, *Volendam,* and *Volendam Folk,* lead us to a very beautiful little plate, *Zaandijk,* perhaps the most distinguished among McBey's earlier achievements. Here, though one feels, perhaps, the inspiration of Rembrandt in the etcher's handling of the landscape, the motive of the plate, the Dutch girl waiting for the ferry that plies to the windmill on the opposite shore, is McBey's own, and it belongs to the conception, and vitalises its charming serenity. More, perhaps, of Rembrandt's direct influence is traceable in *Amsterdam from Ransdorp, Ransdorp*, *Omval* and *The Amstel*, four fine plates, in which, as Mr. Martin Hardie has very justly pointed out, the young etcher, without in any sense attempting to imitate the master, rejoiced in feeling inspired by his genius to etch freshly what were more or less essentially Rembrandt subjects. There is great charm in the conception and composition of these plates, with their level distances so spacious, and their churches and windmills and ships' masts set with delicate suggestion on the sky lines ; no wonder that collectors prized them when they saw them, and *Amsterdam from Ransdorp* was the first of McBey's prints to appreciate in value. But apart from the definite advance in his art that this journey to Holland brought about, it had also another result which has had an important influence on his career as an etcher. In his last three years at the bank, his job had been to manage the department for supplying books, stationery, and materials of every kind to all the branches. This responsible work involved

what was particularly interesting to McBey, the study of sundry kinds of paper that were used, so that when in Holland he happened on some old paper, that is, paper made prior to about 1750, he found he had a *flair* for it. Then, opportunity threw in his way a book which had actually belonged to Rembrandt, full of lovely old paper in which the master had kept his collection of engravings after Rubens. McBey promptly secured it, finding later that there are four identical volumes in the British Museum, similarly bound in black leather, with the same date, 1637. From that day of rare acquisition McBey has printed every proof of every etching he has wrought on carefully selected old paper. Of this, searching for it in many countries, and in many a devious source, he has amassed an enormous quantity in the course of years, papers of all kinds, many with choice and rare water-marks stamping interesting periods, and made for many purposes, some of it dating back as early as 1450. Printing on old paper has had a subtle influence on the quality of his etching, especially since, printing his own plates, as McBey always does, he regards the printing as a continuation of his etched work. Now, in McBey's experience, as he related for me in "Fine Prints of the Year," "the skin of old paper has become soft and velvety due to the action of time on the surface size, while the strength of the actual paper itself has not been impaired, so it has the advantage for printing of a soft sized paper without the disadvantage of its lack of cohesion. Old paper picks up the ink better than modern, much less ink being left on the plate. A proof on old Dutch paper, for instance, if well printed, will show everything the plate will give." This invaluable experience began with that momentous trip to Holland.

Once again in Aberdeen, McBey began etching on the River Don. He had become interested in trees, not so much for their own sakes, perhaps, but as natural features in the landscape to resist or respond to the coquetries of light, or to lend their forms to the design. Falling branches, weighted with foliage, attracted him, and he drew them as leading motives in *Old Machar Towers,* and *The Don at Seaton,* using dry-point here for the first time, and using it for the emphasis of the burr to contrast with the lightly bitten towers of Old Machar Cathedral, having failed in the effect he aimed at in the two previous plates of the same subject. So he etched two plates before he achieved with his needle, which was now acquiring an inexpressible magic of its own, the lovely *Early Morning, Fintray.* One can almost feel the dew on the trees and verdure of the banks, so freshly this

May morn has awakened over the land right away up to the distant hills; and that woman leaning against the fence, might she be, perhaps, the heroine of Davidson's ballad, come out, faithful to romantic belief, to renew her beauty by bathing her face in dew. There is usually in a McBey etching much more than meets the eye, possibly a suggestion of romance, certainly something that the artist's spirit has touched, an unquestioning poetry. How else account for the exquisite charm of *Benachie*, just a clump of silver birches looking across to the endeared mountain, with a suggestion of shrubs growing about, and a woman with an infant in her arms? The impression is atmospheric, and the poetic effect is felt but elusive.

These plates were etched in May, 1911, and in that same month the young artist set out for London. The great strange city did not inspire him to etch any of its homely or remarkable features, indeed it is noteworthy that this great etcher has essayed only three London subjects on the copper, and those characteristically on the lower Thames. But London was curiously strange, and McBey, cut adrift from his familiars, felt lonelier than he had in Holland; indeed he has told me that for the first three weeks of his stay he had never spoken to anyone but his landlady. Only a few weeks passed before he was off again. Spain attracted him, he felt that in the old, strange, romantic character of the country he would find inspiring subject matter for etching. So to Spain he went in July, 1911, and on the 21st he etched the plate he called *Old Castile,* showing Burgos Cathedral and the castle in the distance, then came *Burgos*, *Avila,* and the two famous bridges of Toledo, the *San Martin* being the more accomplished effort of the two. Next he made for the Mediterranean coast, and wrought etchings of *Benicasim, Benicarlo, Vinaroz,* where the boat-building offered him an interesting motive, and *Valencia Beach*, where, with dexterous dry-point, he showed three oxen drawing up a boat, in the characteristically local manner, with a man in front goading them. He was getting graphically interested in movement and energy, and this scene offered opportunities, but in *Sunrise at Tarragona,* his sensitive needle was steeped in the quiet of daybreak, and achieved a plate of memorable beauty. The morning sunlight spreads in the heavens, and envelops the shipping, the town and the bay in a wonder of poetry.

Bull-fights had a great fascination for McBey; in the spectacular contests between man and beast he saw, as Goya had seen about a hundred years earlier, unexpected pictorial motives from the sudden

excitements of the action, that might be peculiarly expressive in dry-point, with its burr used richly. In the bull-ring at Fuenterrabia he had made an impressive plate of *A Fierce Bull*, the beast goaded to frenzy, with many banderillas sticking in his neck, charging a matador, who stands sword in hand with legs wide apart, ready with nervous energy, to give the *coup de grâce*. This had given him a zest to make a bull-fight set, so, when he was in Madrid, copying Velasquez in the Prado, he haunted the bull-ring. Of the plates he wrought, the best pictorially are, perhaps, *The Picador incites the Bull,* and *The Picador Unhorsed*, but there is vividness of impression and energy of action in *The Picador attacked* and *The Banderillas*. There is one plate, however, *The Ovation to the Matador*, which is a commanding achievement, and the first of McBey's numerous masterpieces. The popular hero stands in solitary magnificence, to receive the tumultuous plaudits that one can almost hear clamouring from the excited crowd over there. A spectacular figure he looks, in the matador's traditional costume, holding his hat with upraised arm in acknowledgment of his ovation, while in his right hand he holds the sword and red cloth with which he has killed the bull, rousing the populace with his own perils in the play. He realises the professional value of this, and who shall deny him the satisfaction of a peacock's vanity? He gives not a thought to the menial labours of the *chulo,* who, as he rakes up the blood-stained ground after the bull-fight, unconsciously assists the etcher's subtle simplicity of design with the rhythmical sweep of his rake. McBey has used the dry-point's burr with an extraordinarily rich effect of colour in the picturesque costume of the matador, whose place in the shady part of the arena is faultlessly chosen on the plate. *The Ovation to the Matador* was a splendid finish to his Spanish trip, and in the beginning of September he returned to London. A month later he was in Wales, at Carmarthen, etching there three plates on the Towy, of which the best, *A View in Wales,* shows a hilly landscape partially lost in a shower of rain, the wet atmosphere enveloping the whole country.

This was the 113th plate that McBey had etched, and the latest when, in November, 1911, he gave his first hostages to fortune in an exhibition at Goupil's in Bedford Street, Strand. There it was I chanced to make acquaintance with his work. I had gone to Goupil's to look at some colour-prints, and, catching sight of some etchings hanging in another room, I was moved to ask whose they were. I was told they were the work of a young Scotsman, who had brought

the firm a letter of introduction from the North, and they were giving him a "show," but they did not know anything about him, though the etchings, they thought, might interest me. They did more than this, they stirred me curiously, deeply. I felt I was face to face with a man of genius. In the 55 prints I found none without freshness of vision, orginality of conception, and the craftmanship of an innate etcher. "This man, whoever he be, is going to win a place among the masters," I felt. I was enthusiastic about the new etcher, and was anxious for everyone to share my enthusiasm. One critical friend, Martin Hardie, not only shared it with confidence, but had actually anticipated it, shewing a prevision not common in museum authorities, though, of course, Hardie is an artist, for no sooner did he come to know McBey and his etching than he made haste to secure all the best available proofs for the Victoria and Albert Museum. Mr. Greig, art critic of the "Morning Post," was another supporter of the young Scottish etcher. Very soon it got abroad that a wonderful new etcher had "come to judgment," and all the connoisseurs and collectors hastened to Goupil's to see for themselves. The young Scotsman, who had come to London with no credentials but his copper-plates and his prints, had simply won London favour with his sincerity, and the probity of his native genius. Everyone was curious about McBey's etchings, and many were buying them at a guinea and a guinea and a-half apiece, so that to his amazement he was kept continuously busy printing to keep pace with the demand, but there was no sign of careless haste, every proof was printed with the most scrupulous craft on choice old paper. McBey had all at once become, in a small way, a London notability, and the experience was astonishing and incredible. But soon the editions of Scotch, Dutch and Spanish plates were all sold, and having arranged with Mr. Richard Gutekunst, of Grafton Street, a singularly knowledgeable judge of prints, and Mr. Davidson, of Glasgow, another very astute dealer, to publish for him conjointly, it became necessary to make new etchings. The Kentish coast near Thanet was suggested as offering landscape that might appeal to him, and at Easter in 1912 he found himself at Sandwich, busy with his dry-point, as we see in the charming *April in Kent,* enjoying the structural character of the country, with a great sweep of ploughed land, under a morning sky full of cloud. Of the "Sandwich Set" that resulted from this spring trip to Kent, there are two other plates which also became favourites, *The Shower*, which reveals a vaporous moment of broken light over a

reach of open country ; and *The Skylark*, in which the whole landscape becomes lyrical, as we follow with imaginative eye the bird we can barely see,

> " As up he wings the spiral stair,
> A song of light, and pierces air
> With fountain ardour, fountain play,
> To reach the shining tops of day."

A visit home to Newburgh resulted in two plates of local interest. First, *Foveran Burn*, a sunny impression of a little tributary of the Ythan, holding for the home-folk affectionate childish memories, suggested in the etching by the little girl who " paidl't i' the burn," with the boy watching her from the bushes. Next came the dramatic " 1588," in which McBey invested pictorially with historic legend a fine study of the Collieston rocks,

> " Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar."

An escaping ship of the Spanish Armada, the " Santa Caterina," which has evaded the destroying English fleet, is being driven to destruction by the forces of nature on that " wild distant shore." Here we see a small group of local folk watching the hapless vessel, in her helpless battle with the winds and waves, nearing her inexorable doom. In the published " state", the ship is shown drifting broadside on, but McBey was dissatisfied with this, and, after the edition was issued, he greatly improved the design by altering the aspect of the gale, and depicting the " Santa Caterina " coming with her bows direct towards the rocks, as shown in the reproduction. This " state " he offered to print in exchange for all the collectors who had bought the first, but none accepted, so that the few proofs of the finer " state " became exceedingly rare.

In the earlier days of his etching, McBey had been accustomed to draw his subjects from nature direct on the plate, but later he cultivated the habit of sketching what he saw in pen and ink on the spot, but with the born etcher's eye for selecting the essential suggestive and synthetic line. Then, having the invaluable faculty of memorising not only his original pictorial impression in its artistic completeness, but each individual line in its true relation to the design, which was a ruling matter in itself, he would translate his conception to the copper with the graphic features and vitality that marked the spontaneity of the sketch. But instead of placing the copper in the

acid bath to etch his design in the customary manner, he would pour the mordant on to his plate wherever biting was to be in process, or dab it on with a feather, and ply his needle in it, so that drawing and etching were simultaneous acts. Rembrandt, Seymour Haden, and others, had experimented in this way, but McBey has made his practice habitual, and, while he is no longer dependent on the Dutch bath, he will hazard his intuitive craftsmanship with a stronger mordant, letting even touches of the impetuous nitrous spur the action of the gentler hydrochloric to magical nuances of biting. But now he adopted a new method for his original studies, he tinted his pen and ink drawings with washes of water-colour, for in Morocco, whither he went at the end of 1912, he found himself among novel surroundings that were strangly picturesque, which seemed to call for colour, and for tones of white in the buildings. It was his first glimpse of the Orient, and in the very ancientness of Arab life he discovered inspiring conditions with new influences. Individuals appealed to him, such as *The Orange Seller*, amid his habitual surroundings in the market-place, the mysterious figures in the doorway of the mosque in *Beggars, Tetuan, No. 2*, and the group of old Jews vociferous under the archway, in the finely designed plate, *The Jewish Quarter, Tetuan.* His etcher's heart, however, went out to the burnoused Arab crowd, noisily chattering with raucous voices, which fills *El Soko*, the large market-place of Tetuan, and the silent movement of which he vividly interpreted in its actual grouping, and etched delicately in its living relation to the surrounding buildings that stand white in the sun's glare. This is a masterly little plate that gives distinction to the "Moroccan set," yet there is another, *The Story Teller*, in which a more personal significance holds the wonder of the crowd sitting about a corner of the market-place. Late sunlight is falling, and they are assembled to listen to the story-teller, who stands in their midst intoning his traditional tales, which everyone knows yet will always listen to as if they were new, and acompanying his chant with the monotonous twanging of the *rebaba.* The etcher's skill has here caught the impression of the psychological relation between the crowd, with its habit of ages, and the story-teller, who carries in himself inherited traditions. That dark archway in the centre of the plate, the solitary figure of the man, so perfectly placed, and the seated Arabs on the right, are dominant factors of the design.

In the Moroccan plates McBey revealed new aspects of his talent, more individual interest in portraying human beings, with the power

to depict the subtle evolutions of the crowd as an important development of synthetic vision and draughtsmanship, and consequently his reputation increased. Next he revisited Holland, but he was now concerned to interpret the country chiefly through the medium of water-colours, which he found sympathetic to the pictorial alertness of his vision, and the vivid spontaneity of his expression, but he etched one remarkable plate. This was the sombre *Grimnessesluis*, a mysteriously appealing glimpse of a backwater in the Jewish quarter of Amsterdam, with dismal looking houses reaching down to the water, which disappears darkly under a house that arches the canal. A feature of curious significance is a mirror projecting from a house in which the etcher caught the face of a girl watching him. Later in the year, a motor tour to Cornwall resulted in an etching, which has become a special favourite among McBey's plates. In *Penzance* he found a subject rich in opportunity, a broken sky of sunset over the harbour, with all the outer shipping lying at rest, and the peaceful town on the right taking the last rays of the dying light, while two sailing vessels in the harbour are shadowed by trailing clouds that sing the day's elegy. *Penzance* is a beautiful plate, with its expanses of sky and water lyrically expressive in a scribble of lines.

The momentous year 1914 was eventful in McBey's career, for in each of the plates he wrought there was an entirely different proposition, a new adventure, and the vitality and spontaneity of his etching became more significant, his powers of achievement coming within approach of masterpieces. *A Studio* shows us the artist at work in his studio at 8, Wharfedale Street, Earl's Court, a large unkempt looking room at the top of the house, where he had ensconced himself on his first arrival in London, with the printing-press he had brought from Aberdeen, and where he had welcomed his first rush of success with amused incredulous amazement. It was here that McBey confessed to me his ignorance of the Thames, which to an inveterate Londoner like myself seemed deplorable. So one spring day I induced him to walk with me from Hungerford Bridge, on which he stayed to make a sketch, which developed into *The Lion Brewery*, a long-established land-mark soon to be demolished, right along the Surrey side of the river to the Tower Bridge, where he made further sketches, from which he evolved *The Pool*. London's river revealed to him her intimate character, and he brought to her interpretation the fresh alert vision that was always inspired by the sight of water and boats. In that august print, *The Lion Brewery,* for

instance, how he leads the eye from the solid façade of the brewery along the rippling surface of the water, through the stately arches of Waterloo Bridge, where the barges are lying still, or at their functions in the tideway, and above the line of the bridge, where the buildings of the city with their spires and domes recede into the smoky atmosphere under a spacious sky like a city of wonder and dream, in which St. Paul's floats where it must at the artist's inspiration, for it is a noble artistic design. Then, *The Pool*, what a live conception of the river's bustling activity below bridge, with the moving barges and tugs out in the swirl of the stream, and along the line of wharves and warehouses, all significantly alive and functioning, steamers and all manner of craft engaged in loading or unloading, with cranes and stevedores busy, yet, over the whole vivid scene, what a beautiful pictorial harmony! That Whistler had etched the same subject fifty-five years before did not daunt McBey, for he brought the fresh eye of a master etcher to the scene, the aspect of which had changed somewhat with the vanishing of the sailing ship, though the Thames barges remained, with the essential spirit of the river life and activity. These were done in June, 1914, and they were the last plates issued by Mr. Gutekunst, for before the next set was ready, war had begun, and the publication of McBey's prints was transferred to the house of Colnaghi. At the end of the summer he went up to the Aberdeenshire coast, which he found as ever inspiring, and promptly he did three of his finest plates. *Gamrie* is a spacious and original design, the pictorial motive of which is the radiant splendour of sunrise over the calm waters of the bay, on which fishing smacks are seen sailing towards the quiet harbour. Here herring yawls lie with their shadows beside the quays, and a wavy flutter of gulls lends a lyrical note to the design. *The Moray Firth* is a most happily original conception. Along the top of a cliff, overlooking the village and harbour of Macduff, in which many boats are nestling, is a number of little boys and girls sitting, two of the boys flying kites and holding the lines with intense concentration, while smaller boys and girls are watching them with interest, or just basking happily in the sunshine. The lines and spiral movement of the kites lift the eye sky-wards, over the outward going fishing fleet which stretches away across the vast expanse of the calm sea. The vivid spontaneous drawing of the children in the near foreground was bitten with nitric acid, while the lower roofs and masts, the harbour and the fishing boats sailing away, and the kites floating above, were subjected to the milder and longer

biting process of the Dutch bath. With a very brave adventure, McBey, in *Sea and Rain*, next achieved a veritable etcher's triumph. A perfect torrent of rain is driving over the little harbour of Macduff, in which fishing smacks are sheltering, while a high and turbulent sea is lashing its waves furiously over the quays, but the linear improvisation which suggests the cumulative effect of wind and rain and tumultuous seas, is so infallible that this plate comes little short of a masterpiece.

Disquietude is the title given to a vivid portrait in dry-point of Mrs. Martin Hardie, for the first anxieties of the war held for her sympathetic nature the pressure of personal poignancy, and this essay in portraiture led to others, Mr. Martin Hardie and Mr. Frank Gibson in dry-point, and myself in etching. War restrictions were now making landscape sketching very difficult, if not impossible, nevertheless McBey, after various attempts and adventures, succeeded in etching a charming bit of Wells-on-Sea, which he called *A Norfolk Village*, and an atmospheric aspect of *The Isle of Ely*. Then he yielded to an entirely new and mystic inspiration, and compassed one of his most beautiful and spiritual efforts, *Night in Ely Cathedral*. The solemn mystery of the ancient fane by night, with the ages haunting its shadows, seems to have appealed to the depths of McBey's nature, so that he brought his magic gifts of expression with reverend emotion to the interpretation, just as the religious builders devoted their work on the sacred edifice long, long ago. This masterly plate, with its wonder of peace, was McBey's last before he was sent to France on war service at the beginning of 1916. Stationed first in Boulogne, he managed to complete four etchings, *The Crucifix, Boulogne, A Norman Port*, *The Quai Gambetta, Boulogne,* a vivid and spacious conception of that active scene, and *The Sussex*. This last is one of the most impressive and distinguished of all McBey's *œuvre*. The poor battered hull of of this merchant steamship, inoffensive victim of a fell submarine, lies beached in Boulogne Harbour, with the glow of sunset sanctifying, as it were, her martyred condition, as her dead are being borne silently away in the shadows. A crowd of sympathetic onlookers has gathered, but among them was none so keenly interested as McBey, who would go evening after evening, memorising every detail, sketching furtively, even with his hand covered by his pocket, so determined was he to communicate the tragic significance of the event in terms of solemn and awful beauty. A spell of service at Rouen was signalised by a couple of etchings, of which *Rouen* was memorable for its design, and one magnificent dry-point, *France at her Furnaces,* a dynamic impression

at the Schneider Munition Works at Harfleur. Two partially stripped men are drawing with long steel hooks the shell-casings from the blazing furnaces, while others, in the tremendous scorching glare, drag them at white heat towards the hydraulic presses. It is a scene of immense energy, of stern contests between nature's forces and man's controlling power, and for the spontaneity of vital impression, and sudden contrasts of light and dark, the artist worked his dry-point like a wizard. After this he spent his next leave sketching on the Somme front, taking all the risks and perils, with official permission, and among the etched records he made was *Spring, 1917,* showing Trones Wood, with the shelled wreckage of its trees looking like the Blasted Heath in "Macbeth." A sudden summons to the War Office put an end to his tedious service in France, for McBey was offered the appointment of Official Artist to the Palestine Expeditionary Force, and henceforth he was to follow the campaign in the Holy Land with all its Biblical glamour and romantic adventure. This was a singularly happy selection, and he had to thank the drawings he had made in Morocco for this congenial appointment, for they had revealed his intuitive understanding of the Eastern atmosphere, and from July, 1917, until he was demobilised, he was engaged in his graphic interpretations of every phase of the campaign amid surroundings sanctified by the scriptural writings, but he had no time for etching. In 1919, however, McBey returned to his copper-plates, and his "First Palestine Set" was a new revelation of the artist's freshly awakened vision, of his creative draughtsmanship, and magical etcher's craftsmanship, especially in the wonderful, haunting, *Dawn: the Camel Patrol setting out,* the first of the seven plates. McBey, usually lucky, happened to be on the spot when the Imperial Camel Corps was sending its patrol of Australians across the Sinai Desert in expectation of a further attack on the Suez Canal, and he was privileged to accompany it. So he saw the strange dawn rising in the desert, with its mysterious glow casting a spell over the atmosphere and the waving sea of sand, and the slow pacing procession of men and camels drawing away toward the horizon. This impression he caught freshly with pen and ink and illusive wash, and then again, by adjusting the scale of the desert sand, and with the magic of an arch etched in the sky and some foul biting, he got nearer to the soul of the desert, and achieved a beautiful living poem in etching, one that must always rank not only high among his own masterpieces, but take its place with the great classics of the art. Other compelling plates of this unusual series,

in which one could almost smell the desert, as a widely travelled officer said to me after looking at them, are *The Mid-day Halt, The Desert of Sinai, No. 2,* suggestively vast and barren, and *Strange Signals*, the two Australian guides, alone in the vast sandy plain, riding their camels far ahead of the patrol, and straining their eyes to decide whether the smoke they think they see on the horizon is actually some mysterious hostile signal, or merely mirage.

The war over, and he comfortably installed in a large house and studio of his own, McBey felt free to break out afresh, with motives that were entirely novel to him. So, with *Margot as Lopokova*, flourishing his dry-point in the light, so to speak, he drew the mother seated, stitching a tuck in little Margot's dancing skirt, and the child, with head down, trying to restrain her impatience till the sewing should be done, and she was free again to pirouette at her will in imitation of the Russian dancer. This delightful plate done, he next essayed a far more difficult theme, in which literally he drew in light, electric light. *The Pianist* is a grey-haired musician sitting at a grand piano, playing to a pair of listeners, the man rapt, absorbed by the expressiveness of the music, the lady curiously watching the player. But the primary motive is not psychological, though its interest is largely so, the lamp on the piano asserts itself with its rays, illuminating the face and figure of the pianist, so that the hands and the keyboard are lost to sight, though we feel most eloquent music is coming from them. This plate might easily have been a failure, but the happy genius of the etcher brought it to an astonishing success, and it ranks among his best, in fact, Mr. Hardie places it upon a pinnacle, but this was before any of the Venice etchings. It shows, however, to what heights he might yet reach in pictorial portraiture; but he was still the " official artist," and he was not yet free from the records of the war. A " Second Palestine Set " was issued in May, 1921, and one of the plates was outstanding as an achievement in dry-point. This was *Zero. A Sixty-pounder opening fire,* and so vital is the suggestion that with the sudden fierce flash of the great gun's discharge against the nocturnal darkness, one can hear, as it were, the deafening report. The silhouette of the gun, low down on the plate, with the men covering their ears, is wonderful in illusive effect. *Dust, Beersheba,* was an etcher's success in the use of foul-biting, but McBey never lost sight of the vast historic interest of the campaign, and he managed to convey hints of this in his etchings, nor did he miss the thrill inherent in *The First Sight of Jerusalem,* nor the suggestion of ironic humour in

The Surrender of Jerusalem, the Holy City for which the Crusaders of old were glad to lay down their lives, being solemnly yielded to two cockney sergeants, who could not remember whether any official regulations were provided to meet the unusual situation. Then a "Third Palestine Set" gave us the mysteriously beautiful *Hermon: Cavalry moving on Damascus,* the sacred mountain adding this astonishing spectacle to its hoary traditions in a golden wonder of sunrise.

At last McBey was free from all official obligations of the War, and at liberty to make what etchings he chose. He promptly translated a drawing he had made seven years before into that pregnant drypoint, *A Flood in the Fens*; then he etched *Macduff*, with a characteristically vivid view of the harbour and its shipping, and, at the second attempt, a bright and spacious impression of the ferry at *Brightlingsea*, with children playing on the foreshore, and a few rowing-boats leading the eye over to the Thames barges on the opposite shore. Fine visions of *Gerona* and *Antwerp*, each with moving local features, the former with an encampment of Catalonian gipsies, the latter with the shipping on the Scheldt vividly depicted, and dominated by the splendid cathedral, served to mark time, for the next two plates were masterpieces. Never was a simpler, yet more comprehensive etching, perhaps, than *Gale at Port Erroll,* with all the boisterous energy and fury of the elements, suggested immediately by those few lines so essentially selected and inevitably placed, that one watches, almost with the wind and the spume in one's face, the chances of that incoming fishing-boat as anxiously as those folk on the gale-swept jetty. What a contrast in outlook is *The Ebb Tide*, with a calm summer sunrise over the oyster smacks drifting seaward on the Essex coast! The boats peacefully take the glare of what promises to be a hot day, and the waters reflect them deeply, while others are already restfully moored together with their shadows in a cluster. Here again is etcher's magic producing beauty, but this infinite harmony is a personal matter touched by the spirit. *Sunset at Cattawade* is just what the title implies. Constable, in whose country the scene was situated, would probably have described it as "Portrait of a sunset with a bridge and houses." The following year, 1924, McBey returned to the waters of Holland, with his new and broader outlook, and fresh pictorial vitality. We see these well exemplified in *Veere*, where the girl standing on an island landing-stage, with an intervening expanse of water between her and the church and windmills of Veere, watches the approaching sailing-ferry coming nearer and nearer; and in *The*

Squall, Kampen, where in the suggestion of every line of the etcher, one feels the windy gusts. *The Zuider Zee* shows just three *botters* running before the wind in a choppy sea, and because the effect of this would have been thin in etching, and the subject needed the suggestions of tone in the hulls and sails moving against the light, and the lines of the waves shadowed by a passing cloud, McBey used dry-point with happy effect; but in *Zaanstreek*, a scene of quiet enchantment, he relied with perfect success on his needle. In the haze of early morning a solitary *botter*, with sail hanging close to the mast, is slowly drifting on the still waters, her shadow reflected, while at some distance the windmills of Zaandam show through the golden mists. This is a singularly beautiful etching, and, like *The Ebb Tide*, it has a magic all its own. McBey has etched many sunsets, though never a "foolish" one, in Whistler's phrase, and some have been significant in their beauty. In *Mersea: Sunset*, the lovely rays of light, so intense that the horizon is lost in them, are suggested with a few scribbled lines disposed with pictorial imagination, while the calm radiance transfigures the coast, where at low tide a ketch has beached for slight repairs, and fishing-boats are moored to rise with the tide.

Various successes as a painter in oils and water-colours were tending now to hinder McBey's etching, his paintings of Venice exhibited at Colnaghi's having considerably widened his recognition. *Hastings* and *Bosham* showed no advance on previous plates, and merely marked time, but with *The Critic* he used his dry-point with a new subtlety. In a studio, with high windows reaching right across the room, the critic stands silhouetted with his back to the light, facing a picture on an easel. He has placed himself at a studied distance, asserting his independent personality in the poise of his head and his curious stance, with one foot well advanced. We cannot see the picture, but we are certain he is impressed, though he is there to criticise, and criticise he will. The suggestive psychology of this plate is equalled by its original arrangement of dark and light, balanced with masterly tact.

Most etchers, I suppose, feel at some time or other the call to interpret their visions of Venice, regardless of the fact that whoever does so must inevitably be challenged by comparison with Whistler's mastery and enchantment: yet, all undaunted by this supreme challenge, McBey went to Venice, housed himself in an old palace on the Grand Canal, and, with his own expressive magic of brush and needle, sought to capture such secrets of beauty and

romance as might entrance his vision on lagoon or canal, among the islands, the palaces, and churches. In the spacious and beautiful *Laguna Veneta*, for example, he used his unerring faculty for composing the features of his picture in vital and harmonious relation. The Chioggia fishing fleet is sailing slowly in the sunny haze of early morning across the lagoon, whose waters take, "as in a glass darkly" the reflections of the hulls and brightly coloured lateen sails, while in the dim distance Venice reveals herself in familiar church domes, campanili and palaces. This is an atmospheric triumph, rendered with consummate finesse in the etching. *La Giudecca* shows Venice, seen across the canal, in a gay, nonchalant, every-day mood, from a quay on the Giudecca. The Santa Maria della Salute is the dominating feature of the scene, which stretches away with all its historic buildings, and a frontage of ships, yachts and gondolas, under the pervading sunlight. In *The Passing Gondola,* imagination is stirred to catch the romantic echoes of Venice through the centuries. A mysterious loveliness is spread over the façades of the houses with their enticing windows, as the sunlight saturates them or brings translucent shadows across the lapping waters of the *rio*, and as the gondola, moving lightly and softly, leaves in its rippling wake a gentle splashing, one can almost hear, as if it were night, the lover's song in Browning's poem:

"Past we glide, and past, and past!"

In this lovely etching the essential romance of Venice seemed to inspire McBey's needle, and fuse with his lines. *Rio dei Greci* is just a sparkling impression of a fishing boat drifting idly along a backwater, with people in the sunshine, nor is there mystery or glamour in the animated *Palazzo dei Camerlenghi*, in which the very Venice appears in the charming glow of local daylight. Gazing from the Rialto, we see the early sixteenth-century palace of the Camerlenghi family, Treasurers of the State, looking, with some remnant of its departed dignity, on to the lively scene of the adjacent fruit-market, with a crowd of gondolas bearing fruit and vegetables moored alongside, then the artist lures our eyes along the Grand Canal, with its palaces of ancient glory, and its water traffic. In *The Bridge by Night,* McBey returned to the romantic wonder of nocturnal Venice, snatching a magical moment of vision, when on a small canal spanned by a bridge, which we recognise as a bridge only by the shadow of its arch, a flood of moonlight transfigures it, and brings fairyland

before us. I have reproduced the drawing which was made after the etching, so that, beautiful as this is, it may be seen how much finer in effect is the etching. Note how the scale is altered by the position of the gondola and the shape of the bridge, with its concentration of the light. In this very personal conception, so deliberately summary in expressive statement, McBey, in suggesting that "the very night is clinging closer in Venice Streets," has avoided any delineation, so that casements may be charmed by imagination till the print itself becomes lyrical. "When music and moonlight and feeling are one," that, in Shelley's line, is the motive of *Barcarolle*, a Venetian nocturne with an enchantment of its own, which the etcher has interpreted with all the poetry of his art, and the finesse and resource of his craft. With what certainty he has placed the gondola rightly on the plate, surrounded by the expanse of moon-silvered water, and enclosed by the shadowed palaces, and how subtly suggestive is the draughtsmanship that gives the singing gondolier his dominant significance, and this night scene its expression of haunting beauty. Another night scene peculiarly characteristic of Venice is that which is associated with *Santa Maria della Fava*. The façade of the little church and its contiguous buildings bears an aspect of strange mysterious beauty, impressed by a vivid contrast of light and darkness, the darkness of the entrance toward which folks are going from their gondolas, being rich in remembrance of light. So, too, is the massive shadow of the night, which emphasises the lamp-light's flare on the walls, taking the human figures in vivid silhouette, and making the gondola with its reflections shimmer in the water. This was McBey's "First Venice Set," and after a further visit to this city of enchanted waters, stately crumbling palaces, and august churches, a "Second Set" followed. *Sotto Portico* suggests drama, melodrama perhaps, for a rather sinister figure of a man brings his boat up to an old dark arcade, where a woman's mysterious form lurks in the shadows. Through the dark way from the porch the houses of the *calle* are seen lightly, but on the water's side the plaster on the walls is wearing with age, and a small barred window looks ominously on to the shadowed buoyant waters. What romantic stories are lodged in the stones of *The Deserted Palace?* How many a lovely ghost within these walls has inspired an appealing serenade, how many a lover has risked the gallantry of a night and sung the casements open, what fateful figures have issued from those dark shadows with the poniards of revenge? This is the

mysterious atmosphere that still clings to this building that was once a palace, and is now "unhonoured and unsung," but McBey with his needle and acid has interpreted pictorially the beauty of the crumbling walls, and the reflecting water, as if it still could hear the ghostly serenade. Then there is *The Gondolier*, silhouetted against the sky, and plying his oar on the *fórcola* with a graceful turn that makes rhythmic sweep with the lines of the gondola, so lightly moving, while the passenger lies shadowed under the façade of the palace they are nearing, and another gondola is crossing rapidly over from the Giudecca. Speed and lightness are suggested here as well as the confused cries of many gondoliers, breaking the silence of the spacious waters. *Molo* is an animated print in a subtly compact design, consisting first of the wide Riva across which people walk in twos and threes, then a vivid line of gondolas moored to it, and looking across the broad junction of the Grand Canal and the Giudecca Canal, to the Salute, toward which the eye is led over the water by gondolas and moored vessels, we see hazily beyond, through a network of masts, the dome of the Redentore. Among McBey's Venetian masterpieces, I doubt if there be any more enchanting than *Mirage*. A big craft with two lateen sails set has just weighed anchor, and is being helped by two oars to get weigh on. She is sailing out over the lagoon, with her reflected form glistening tremulously in the water, and so lovely is the light of the early morning that the panorama of Venice looks like a phantom city, with St. Mark's and the Campanile, and the Doge's palace, floating forward in ghostly duplicate, as if a spell had been cast. There is something indefinable about this beautiful plate, so perfect in scale, bitten with such marvellous nuance, that will, I believe, give it high rank among the etchings of the world. Yet *A Tartane leaving Venice* at full sail, with the sunset following her with a glory of light over the lagoon, and her prow making a foamy pathway through the shadowed waters, leaving behind her the Giudecca and distant Venice, is scarcely less beautiful; nor is *September Sunset,* with its splendid pageant of the sinking sun blazing behind S. Giorgio Maggiore, and almost dissolving the Salute in its glare, but these have a different significance.

The "Third Venice Set" began characteristically with *Glass Blowers, Murano*, for these men, alert with naked arms, facing the white glare of the furnaces, the fat man seated in the centre being the doyen of the industry, recall, although with something of a difference in motive, that wonderful earlier plate, *France at her Furnaces*. McBey

has used his dry-point with the same summary effect and struck a remarkable balance of sudden light and black shadow, in communicating his modern impression of this industry of many centuries. In James Howell's "Letters," written in the 17th century, he says that if one should transplant a glass-furnace from Murano to any other part of the earth, using the same workmen, materials and fuel, it would be impossible to make glass crystal of the same perfection, beauty and lustre as at Murano. This was a proud saying for the time, and, though the industry may have waned, this print suggests, at least, its old time energy. In *The Doorway* McBey has accepted the challenge of Whistler's title, and come off not second best, for the dark doorway is the motive of the design, while he has etched the textures of the bricks and stones of the old building impregnated by the sunlight with the unerring master's touch. With McBey's love of boats, I can imagine *Shipping on the Giudecca Canal* being a subject after his heart. and with all these craft at anchor and men in the smaller boats active among them, or passing idly from ship to ship, with the familiar Venetian surroundings, this is a beautiful etcher's conception. McBey has a keen eye for contrasts, *The White Palace*, with its stately fenestration, wearing almost a monastic look, makes the house on the opposite side of the *rio* look almost common by comparison, but the two meeting gondolas hold the vital interest of the plate, and we can almost hear the *Premí* and *Stalí* of the gondoliers. But *A Regatta on the Grand Canal* presents Venice in an aspect of popular vivacious gaiety, with something of the 18th century carnival spirit, for the Venetian watermen have got out their traditional rowing boats of old time patterns, with fancifully formed figures of prancing horses or lovely maidens at prow or stern, and flags trailing in the water as they row. And McBey depicts all this vividly with his dry-point, suggesting also the crowd of gondolas close to the line of the palaces with their windows gay, reaching along the canal, and the Campanile of St. Mark's looking palely aloof from the glittering scene.

And now, as the sunset is fast falling on the lagoon far behind *Distant Salute*, whose domes reign majestically over the waters, as though they were the last remnant of man's building on earth, and even now are lifting heavenward, sailing boats loom into the golden glow, and we see one, drifting with the enchantment of the hour, who knows? haply towards Cythera. So can this magic etcher command illusion as he will. With *The Riva at Dusk*, on the other hand, he has frankly used the implied tone of his dry-point to

produce an effect of failing light. The shadows of night are enveloping S. Giorgio Maggiore over the water, but a strange light has settled on the men, women and children, who are sitting at the round tables, or otherwise enjoying the *dolce far niente* of the Riva. With this impression the Venice etchings would seem to end, but there are yet two water-colour studies for plates which we hope Messrs. Colnaghi will publish in the autumn, for they suggest an appropriate completion of this enchanting interpretation of the moods of Venice. With what beauty of line McBey will translate to the copper *A Venetian Night*, is a chance that remains on the knees of the gods, but in the drawing he has recaptured the melodious rapture of all Venetian nights, with his violinist serenading the moonlit waters, and catching the spirit of romance awake; and in *Farewell to Venice*, the solitary gondola would seem to hold moments of regret, while the artist's heart goes out with his brush over the still waves of the lagoon, towards the city, and

> "Its temples, and its palaces did seem
> Like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven."

James McBey is now in the prime of life, with a wonderful career of effort and success to look back upon, his powers and inspiration are at their finest and most sensitive, ready for any fresh adventure. What new aspects of human or other nature will offer him pictorial subjects, what new motives will stir him? Who shall say what graphic worlds he will attempt to conquer with his needle or his dry-point?

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF JAMES McBEY'S ETCHINGS

based (by kind permission of author and publishers) on Mr. Martin Hardie's *Catalogue of the Etchings and Dry Points of James McBey, 1902–1924,* published by Messrs. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co. in 1925 and now out of print.

No definitive numbers have as yet been allocated to the plates published since the appearance of Mr. Hardie's catalogue. It would be impossible to give an exact consecutive numbering, as in one or two cases variant plates have been made, with perhaps two or three prints only from each, and these will be numbered and described in detail in the second volume of Mr. Hardie's catalogue, which Messrs. Colnaghi will publish in the future.

All the plates in the following list are etchings except in those cases where the letters DP. (dry-point) or E & DP. (etching and dry-point) appear after the title. The dimensions are stated in inches and fractions to the nearest quarter, height first.

1902

1. Point Law, Aberdeen. $4 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$.
2. Boys Fishing. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$.
3. The Artist's Grandmother. *(No information as to size of plate.)*
4. The Blacksmith's Shop. 6×9.

1903

5. Nigg Church (No. 1). $3\frac{1}{4} \times 6$.
6. Regent Quay, Aberdeen. 6×9.
7. Herring Boats in Aberdeen Bay. $3\frac{3}{4} \times 6$.
8. Portsoy Harbour. 6×9.
9. Mending Nets, Portsoy. 6×9.
10. Boyne Castle. 6×9.
11. Findlater Castle. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$.
12. Victoria Bridge, Aberdeen. 3×6.
13. Guild Street, Aberdeen. $3\frac{1}{2} \times 6$.
14. Union Bridge, Aberdeen. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$.
15. Hole i' the Wa', Aberdeen. $6 \times 8\frac{3}{4}$.

1904

16. New Bridge of Don, Aberdeen. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$.
17. Old Aberdeen. 5×6.
18. Pocra Jetty, Aberdeen. 6×9.
19. Shipbuilding Yards. $6 \times 8\frac{3}{4}$.

20. The Dean Bridge, Edinburgh. $8 \times 4\frac{3}{4}$.
21. Holyrood Chapel. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$.
22. North Bridge, Edinburgh. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8$.
23. Calton Jail, Edinburgh. 4×6.

1904-5

24. Plumstone Close. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 4$.
25. John Knox's House. 5×4.
26. Bakehouse Close. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$.
27. Inverleith. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$.
28. The Fountain, Holyrood. $3\frac{1}{2} \times 6$.
29. Princes' Street. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7$.
30. Moray House. $6 \times 3\frac{1}{2}$.
31. Calton Hill. $3\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$.
32. The Tolbooth, Edinburgh. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$.
33. The Cowgate, Edinburgh. 8×5.
34. Edinburgh from the Calton Hill. 6×7.
35. Charlotte Square. 5×7.

1905

36. Warriston Close. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 5$.
37. Rattray Close. 6×6.
38. Fleshmarket Close. $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$.
39. The Tron Kirk. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$.
40. The Grassmarket. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 7$.
41. Edinburgh Castle. 6×7.
42. Heron's Close. $6 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$.
43. Bridge near Leith. $3\frac{3}{4} \times 6$.
44. The New Town, Edinburgh. $3\frac{1}{2} \times 6$.
45. Moonlight in the Wood. $3\frac{1}{4} \times 6$.
46. Aberdeen Harbour. $6 \times 9\frac{3}{4}$.
47. Pontoon Dock, Aberdeen. 6×9.
48. Waterton Ferry, Ellon. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$.
49. Logie Buchan Ferry. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 8$.
50. Albert Basin, Aberdeen. $6 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.
51. Old Torry. $6 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.

1908

52. Black Shore, Portsoy. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.
53. The Fishmarket, Aberdeen. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$.
54. Herring Fleet, Aberdeen. 7×9.

1909

55. Waiting for the Boats, Portlethen. 10 × 5½.
56. Morning, Catterline. 5 × 9.
57. Cleansing Fish, Portlethen. 6 × 8.
58. Evening, Portlethen. 6 × 5½.

1910

59. The Cheese-Press. 9 × 6.
60. Nigg Church (No. 2). 8½ × 6½.
61. Haarlem. 4¾ × 6½.
62. Zaandam Sluice-Gate. 5 × 7.
63. Edam. 6½ × 9½.
64. Monnickendam Harbour. 8 × 6.
65. Ransdorp Church. 6 × 8.
66. Enkhuisen Harbour. 6¼ × 8.
67. Enkhuisen. 5 × 7.
68. Logyard at Hoorn. 5 × 8½.
69. Hoorn Cheesemarket. 9½ × 7.
70. A Volendam Girl. 7¼ × 4½.
71. Volendam Folk. 7½ × 6½.
72. The Mill, Zaandijk. 5½ × 7¼.
73. Zaandijk. 4 × 7.
74. Amsterdam from Ransdorp. 5 × 9.
75. Ransdorp. 5 × 9.
76. Monnickendam. 5½ × 9½.
77. Monnickendam Sawmill. 6½ × 4¾.
78. Omval. 4¾ × 6½.
79. Old Amsterdam. 4¾ × 6¼.
80. Durgerdam. 6½ × 4¾.
81. The Amstel. 4 × 7.
82. The Paris Hat. DP. 9½ × 6½.
83. Christmas Card, 1910. 4 × 5¾.

1911

84. Old Machar Towers (No. 1). 6 × 8.
85. Old Machar Towers (No. 2). 5½ × 7.
86. The Don at Seaton. DP. 5½ × 9.
87. Fintray (No. 1). 4¾ × 9.
88. Fintray (No. 2). 5½ × 10½.
89. Early Morning, Fintray. 5½ × 8¾.

90. Benachie. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$.
91. Poitiers. 6×9.
92. Old Castile. 7×11.
93. Burgos. 7×11.
94. Avila. 7×11.
95. Alcantara Bridge, Toledo. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
96. Benicasim. $6 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
97. Valencia Beach. DP. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$.
98. Hauling Boats, Valencia. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$.
99. Bridge of San Martin, Toledo. $7 \times 10\frac{3}{4}$.
100. Benicarlo. $5 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
101. Vinaroz. 4×8.
102. Vinaroz. Boat Building. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 9$.
103. Sunrise at Tarragona. 6×9.
104. The Picador incites the Bull. DP. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$.
105. The Picador attacked. DP. 6×9.
106. The Picador unhorsed. DP. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 9\frac{3}{4}$.
107. The Banderillas. DP. 6×8.
108. A Fierce Bull. DP. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$.
109. The Matador. DP. 7×11.
110. The Ovation to the Matador. DP. $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7$.
111. The Towy at Carmarthen. 6×8.
112. Carmarthen. DP. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$.
113. A View in Wales. $5 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.

1912

114. April in Kent. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.
115. Ebbesfleet. DP. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 12$.
116. Richborough Castle. DP. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{3}{4}$.
117. The Skylark. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 12$.
118. The Shower. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$.
119. Thanet from Richborough. DP. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.
120. A Lock at Sandwich (No. 1). DP. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 11$.
121. A Lock at Sandwich (No. 2). $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$.
122. A Lock at Sandwich (No. 3). $6\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.
123. "1588." $7\frac{1}{2} \times 12$.
124. The Foveran Burn. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 11$.
125. Portrait of Malcolm Salaman (No. 1). 3×2.
126. Portrait of James Torn Reid. DP. 4×4.
127. The Bread Market, Tetuan. $6\frac{1}{4} \times 11$.

128. The Orange Seller. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 10$.
129. The Jewish Quarter, Tetuan. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 10$.
130. The Story-Teller. $6\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.
131. View from the Gate, Tetuan. $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$.
132. Gunsmiths, Tetuan. 5×8.
133. Beggars, Tetuan (No. 1). $5\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$.
134. Beggars, Tetuan (No. 2). $6\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$.
135. El Soko. $7 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$.

1913

136. A Moroccan Market. 6×11.
137. The Approach to Tetuan. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 10$.
138. Tetuan. $4\frac{3}{4} \times 10$.
139. Road-Menders, Tetuan. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$.
140. The Ford. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.
141. Tangier. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.
142. The Timber Mill. E & DP. $6 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$.
143. Grimnessesluis. 11×6.
144. Penzance. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 12$.
145. A Fishing Harbour. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$.
146. Christmas Card, 1913. DP. $1\frac{3}{4} \times 3$.

1914

147. A Studio. $6\frac{3}{4} \times 11$.
148. Repairing a Barge. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$.
149. The Lion Brewery. $11\frac{1}{2} \times 8$.
150. The Pool. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 14\frac{1}{4}$.
151. Gamrie. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 9$.
152. The Moray Firth. $9 \times 14\frac{1}{2}$.
153. Sea and Rain. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
154. Buchan. $5 \times 11\frac{3}{4}$.
155. Newburgh. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$.
156. Disquietude (Portrait of Mrs. Martin Hardie). DP. $4 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$.

1915

157. The Fish-market, Stonehaven. $6\frac{3}{4} \times 11$.
158. A Norfolk Village. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
159. Wells-on-Sea. 7×9.
160. Surrey Downs. 7×10.
161. Night in Ely Cathedral. $11\frac{3}{4} \times 8$.
162. The Isle of Ely. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 13\frac{1}{2}$.

163. Portrait of Martin Hardie (No. 1). DP. 6 × 8¼.
164. Portrait of Malcolm Salaman (No. 2). 8½ × 12.
165. Portrait of Frank Gibson. DP. 5½ × 4½.

1916

166. Disraeli. DP. 6 × 4.
167. Portrait of Martin Hardie (No. 2). 10½ × 7½.
168. The Crucifix, Boulogne. 6 × 8¼.
169. A Norman Port. 6¾ × 14½.
170. The Quai Gambetta, Boulogne. 8 × 11½.
171. The Sussex. 8¼ × 15¼.
172. Rouen. 6½ × 14½.
173. The Seine at Rouen. 6 × 8¾.

1917

174. The Somme Front. DP. 6¾ × 14½.
175. France at her Furnaces. DP. 9 × 15.
176. Français Inconnus. DP. 6 × 10.
177. Spring, 1917. DP. 8¼ × 13½.
178. The Carpenter of Hesdin. DP. 8 × 12.
179. Albert. 6 × 10.

1919

180. Ras-el-Ain. 8 × 13.
181. Dawn. The Camel Patrol setting out. 9 × 15.
182. The Mid-day Halt. 7 × 13.
183. The Desert of Sinai (No. 1). 8½ × 12.
184. The Desert of Sinai (No. 2). 8 × 14.
185. Sunset : Wadi-um-Mukhsheib. 7 × 13.
186. Strange Signals. 9 × 15½.
187. A Deserted Oasis. 6¼ × 10½.
188. The Silk Dress. DP. 14 × 8.

1920

189. Margot as Lopokova. DP. 12 × 8½.
190. The Pianist. DP. 7 × 13.
191. Margot. DP. 6 × 4.
192. Palestine. "Blue Bonnets o'er the Border." 7 × 12½.
193. Dust, Beersheba. 9 × 15½.
194. The Sniper (No. 1). DP. 7 × 10½.
195. The Sniper (No. 2). DP. 7½ × 12.

196. The First Sight of Jerusalem. Nebi Samwil (No. 1). 10 × 17¾.
197. The First Sight of Jerusalem. Nebi Samwil (No. 2). 11 × 18.
198. The Advance on Jerusalem—Wadi Ali. 8 × 14.
199. The Surrender of Jerusalem. 9 × 15½.
200. The Moonlight Attack, Jelil. 9 × 15½.
201. Zero. A Sixty-pounder Opening Fire. DP. 8¼ × 12.
202. Gaza. Prisoners of War. 6 × 8.
203. Henley-on-Thames. DP. 6¾ × 11.

1921

204. Gun Fire, Mount of Olives. DP. 8 × 6.
205. Jerusalem from Olivet. DP. 6¾ × 14½.
206. The Dead Sea. DP. 8 × 12.
207. Hermon : Cavalry moving on Damascus. 9 × 15.
208. Bombs ! DP. 7½ × 12.

1922

209. A Flood in the Fens. DP. 7 × 12½.
210. Macduff. 12 × 7½.
211. Brightlingsea (No. 1). DP. 6½ × 12.
212. Brightlingsea (No. 2). 7½ × 12.

1923

213. Gerona. 7½ × 13.
214. Antwerp. 8½ × 13.
215. Gale at Port Erroll. 13 × 8¾.
216. The Ebb Tide. 8½ × 13¾.
217. Sunset at Cattawade. 6½ × 11.

1924

218. Veere. 7 × 12.
219. The Squall, Kampen. 7 × 12.
220. The Zuider Zee. DP. 8½ × 15.
221. Zaanstreek. 8 × 10.
222. Mersea : Sunset. 8½ × 14¼.

1925

223. Artist and Model. 9 × 6. (*Frontispiece to Mr. Martin Hardie's Catalogue.*)

1925-1928

Unnumbered plates

The Critic. $13\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
Hastings. 8×10.
Bosham. $7 \times 11\frac{3}{4}$.
Laguna Veneta. 7×15.
Rio dei Greci. $10\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$.
La Giudecca. $6 \times 12\frac{1}{2}$.
The Passing Gondola. $8\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$.
Palazzo dei Camerlenghi. $13 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
The Bridge by Night. $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6$.
Barcarolle. $14\frac{3}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
Santa Maria della Fava. $13 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
Sotto Portico. $12\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
The Deserted Palace. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 10$.
The Gondolier. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 14$.
Mirage. 11×17.
Molo. $12\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
A Tartane leaving Venice. $6\frac{1}{2} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$.
September Sunset. $9 \times 17\frac{3}{4}$.
Glass Blowers, Murano. 5×6.
The Doorway. $8\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$.
Shipping on the Giudecca Canal. $7\frac{3}{4} \times 15$.
The White Palace. $14\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$.
A Regatta on the Grand Canal. $9 \times 15\frac{1}{2}$.
Distant Salute. $7\frac{1}{4} \times 16$.
The Riva at Dusk. $16 \times 9\frac{1}{2}$.

The author begs to offer his cordial thanks, for their kindness in lending from their collections proofs or drawings for reproduction, to Mr. F. R. Burnet, Mr. William Thomson, Jr., Mr. Martin Hardie, Dr. William Murray, Mr. Henry Oppenheimer, Mr. D. M. Macdonald, Mr. H. Carling, Mrs. Eustace Brown, Mrs. Reid and Mrs. Malcolm C. Salaman; and he is greatly indebted to Mr. Martin Hardie and Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Co., as author and publishers, for their generous consent to his making use of the complete copyright list of Mr. James McBey's etchings from their Catalogue issued in 1925.

He is also grateful to Mr. McBey for the sketch drawn specially as a device for the binding of this book.

PLATE I

BOYS FISHING (M.H. 2)

PLATE 2

HERRING BOATS IN ABERDEEN BAY (M.H. 7)

PLATE 3

PORTSOY HARBOUR (M.H. 8)

PLATE 4

THE DEAN BRIDGE, EDINBURGH (M.H. 20)
THE COWGATE, EDINBURGH (M.H. 33)

PLATE 5

ALBERT BASIN, ABERDEEN (M.H. 50)
OLD TORRY (M.H. 51)

PLATE 6

MORNING, CATTERLINE (M.H. 56)

PLATE 7

ZAANDIJK (M.H. 73)

PLATE 8

AMSTERDAM FROM RANSDORP (M.H. 74)

PLATE 9

RANSDORP (M.H. 75)

PLATE 10

OMVAL (M.H. 78)

PLATE II

EARLY MORNING, FINTRAY (M.H. 89)

PLATE 12

BENACHIE (M.H. 90)

PLATE 13

OLD CASTILE (M.H. 92)

PLATE 14

BRIDGE OF SAN MARTIN, TOLEDO (M.H. 99)

PLATE 15

SUNRISE AT TARRAGONA (M.H. 103)

PLATE 16

THE PICADOR INCITES THE BULL (M.H. 104)

PLATE 17

THE PICADOR UNHORSED (M.H. 106)

PLATE 18

THE OVATION TO THE MATADOR (M.H. 110)

MB.

PLATE 19

A VIEW IN WALES (M.H. 113)

PLATE 20

APRIL IN KENT (M.H. 114)

PLATE 21

THE SKYLARK (M.H. 117)

PLATE 22

"1588" (M.H. 123). (*Second State*)

PLATE 23

THE FOVERAN BURN (M.H. 124)

PLATE 24

THE JEWISH QUARTER, TETUAN (M.H. 129)

PLATE 25

THE STORY-TELLER (M.H. 130)

PLATE 26

EL SOKO (M.H. 135)

PLATE 27

GRIMNESSESLUIS (M.H. 143)

PLATE 28

PENZANCE (M.H. 144)

PLATE 29

A FISHING HARBOUR (M.H. 145)

PLATE 30

A STUDIO (M.H. 147)

PLATE 32

THE POOL (M.H. 150)

PLATE 33

GAMRIE (M.H. 151)

PLATE 34

THE MORAY FIRTH (M.H. 152)

PLATE 35

SEA AND RAIN (M.H. 153)

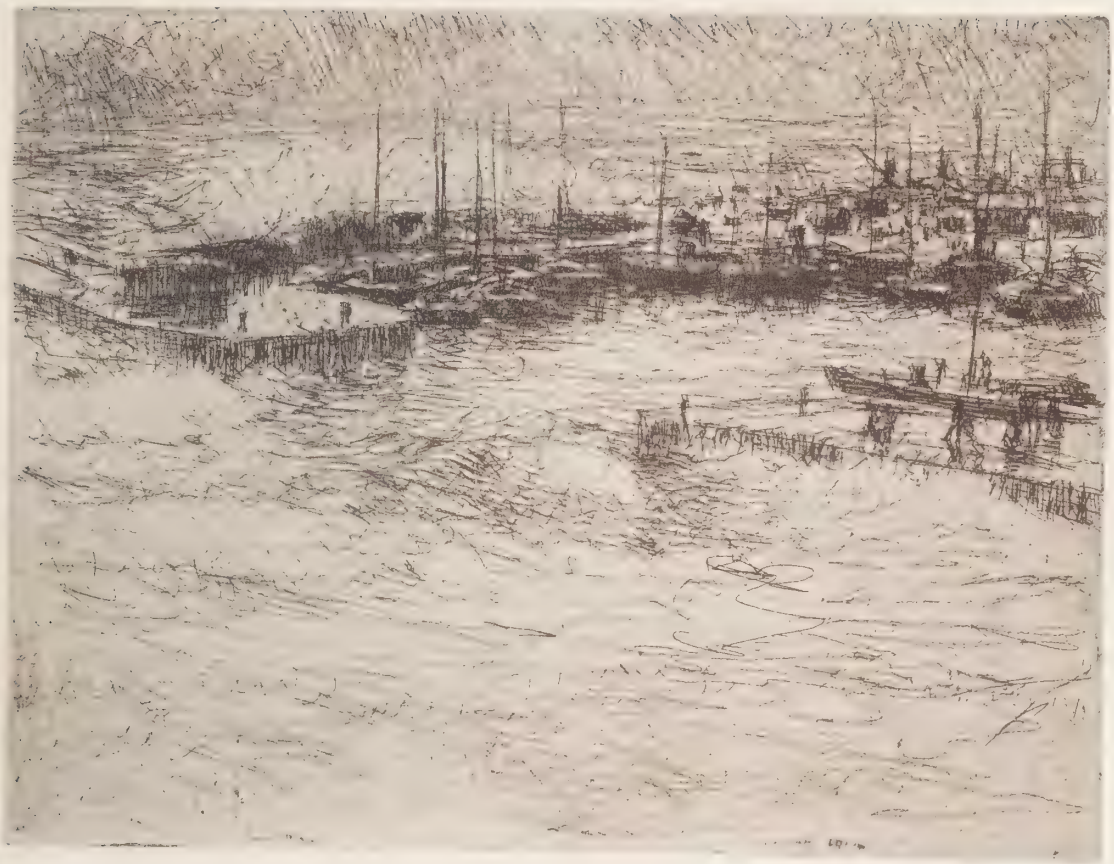

PLATE 36 DISQUIETUDE (PORTRAIT OF MRS. MARTIN HARDIE) (M.H. 156)

PLATE 37

A NORFOLK VILLAGE (M.H. 158)

PLATE 38

NIGHT IN ELY CATHEDRAL (M.H. 161)

PLATE 39

A NORMAN PORT (M.H. 169)

PLATE 40

THE QUAI GAMBETTA, BOULOGNE (M.H. 170)

PLATE 41

THE SUSSEX (M.H. 171)

PLATE 42

ROUEN (M.H. 172)

PLATE 43

FRANCE AT HER FURNACES (M.H. 175)

PLATE 44

SPRING, 1917 (M.H. 177)

PLATE 45

DAWN. THE CAMEL PATROL SETTING OUT
Study for the Etching M.H. 181

PLATE 46

DAWN. THE CAMEL PATROL SETTING OUT (M.H. 181)

PLATE 47

THE MID-DAY HALT (M.H. 182)

PLATE 48

THE DESERT OF SINAI, NO. 2 (M.H. 184)

PLATE 49

STRANGE SIGNALS (M.H. 186)

PLATE 50

MARGOT AS LOPOKOVA (M.H. 189)

PLATE 51

THE PIANIST (M.H. 190)

PLATE 52

THE FIRST SIGHT OF JERUSALEM, NO. 1 (M.H. 196)

PLATE 53

THE SURRENDER OF JERUSALEM (M.H. 199)

PLATE 54

ZERO. A SIXTY-POUNDER OPENING FIRE (M.H. 201)

PLATE 55

JERUSALEM FROM OLIVET (M.H. 205)

PLATE 56

HERMON : CAVALRY MOVING ON DAMASCUS (M.H. 207)

PLATE 57

A FLOOD IN THE FENS (M.H. 209)

PLATE 58

MACDUFF (M.H. 210)

PLATE 59

BRIGHTLINGSEA, NO. 2 (M.H. 212)

PLATE 60

GERONA (M.H. 2138

PLATE 61

ANTWERP (M.H. 214)

PLATE 62

GALE AT PORT ERROLL (M.H. 215)

PLATE 63

THE EBB TIDE (M.H. 216)

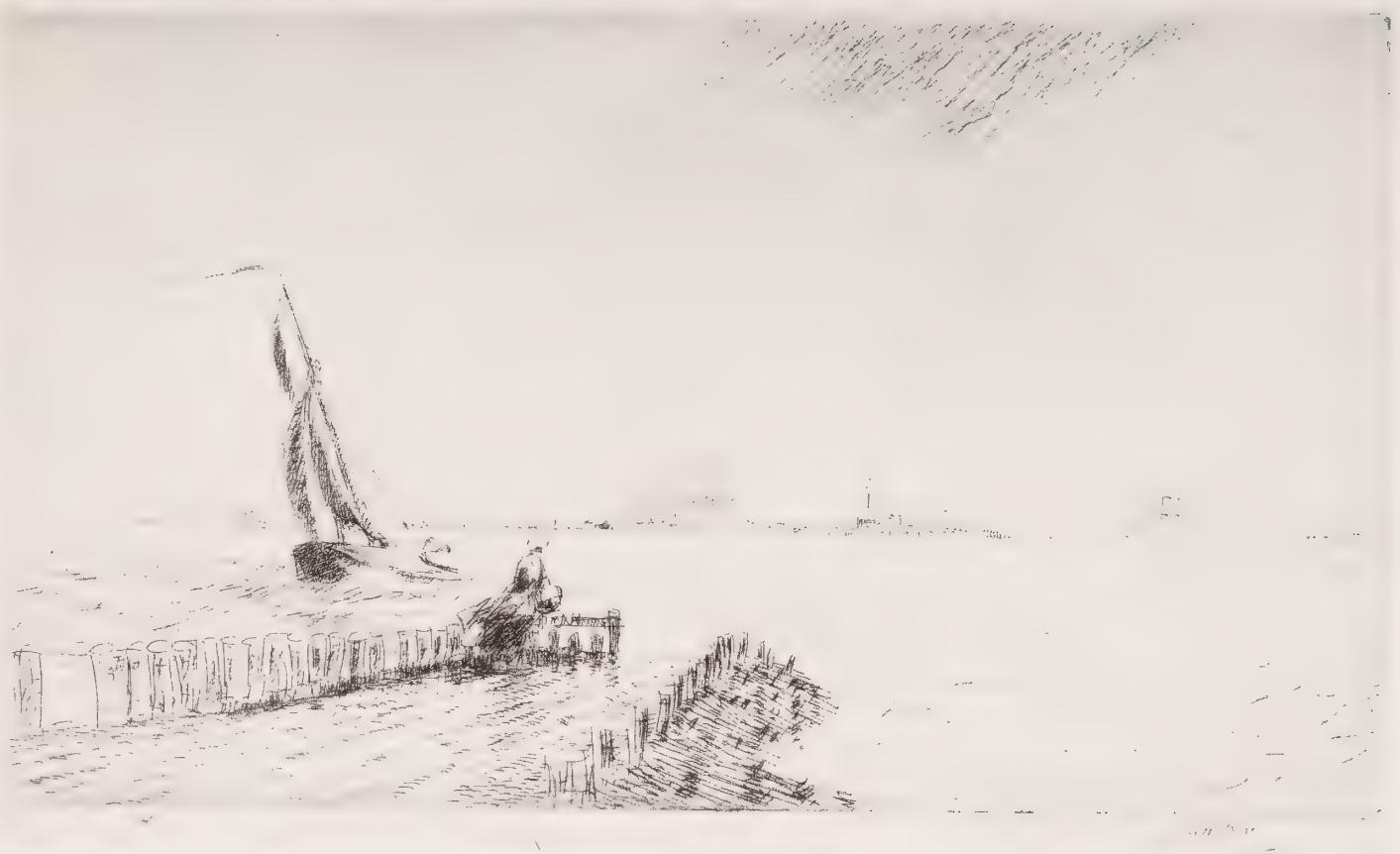

PLATE 64

VEERE (M.H. 218)

PLATE 65

THE SQUALL, KAMPEN (M.H. 219)

PLATE 66

THE ZUIDER ZEE (M.H. 220)

PLATE 68

MERSEA, SUNSET (M.H. 222)

PLATE 69

ARTIST AND MODEL (M.H. 223)

PLATE 70

THE CRITIC

PLATE 71

BOSHAM

PLATE 73

LAGUNA VENETA

PLATE 74

LA GIUDECCA

PLATE 75

THE PASSING GONDOLA

PLATE 76

RIO DEI GRECI

PLATE 77

PALAZZO DEI CAMERLENGHI

PLATE 79

THE BRIDGE BY NIGHT
Pen and ink and wash drawing

PLATE 180

THE BRIDGE BY NIGHT

PLATE 81

SOTTO PORTICO

PLATE 82

THE DESERTED PALACE

PLATE 83

THE GONDOLIER

PLATE 84

MOLO

PLATE 85

MIRAGE

PLATE 86

A TARTANE LEAVING VENICE

PLATE 87

SEPTEMBER SUNSET

PLATE 88

GLASSBLOWERS, MURANO

PLATE 89

THE DOORWAY

PLATE 90

SHIPPING ON THE GIUDECCA CANAL

PLATE 91

THE WHITE PALACE

PLATE 92

A REGATTA ON THE GRAND CANAL

PLATE 93

DISTANT SALUTE

PLATE 94

THE RIVA AT DUSK

PLATE 95

A VENETIAN NIGHT
Study for an unpublished Etching

PLATE 96

FAREWELL TO VENICE
Study for an unpublished Etching

GETTY CENTER LIBRARY
3 3125 00081 3655